E
671
.C79

Corey, Jacob Augustus.

To the Voters in Sturbridge, Mass.

Class E 671

Book .C 79

78

424
948

TO THE VOTERS IN STURBRIDGE,

WORCESTER COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

GENTLEMEN—You may consider that I owe you some apology for appealing to your better judgment, from another attempted imposition that I believe it my duty to warn you against. Knowing no motive why the inhabitants of my native Town should not regard me as a sinner, sinners being vastly on the majority almost everywhere else, it may prove amusing, if not instructive, to the most choice selection among you to learn what a man you have every reason to suppose is an outsider has to say about it; that is all the apology I shall make.

The late Hon. Anson Burlingame designated the Hon. Henry Wilson as the beloved Senator of Massachusetts, and his supposed influence among laboring men was one important consideration in substituting Wilson for Colfax as candidate for Vice President in the recent Philadelphia Convention. Here, where every man in health, whether rich or poor, performs his six days' labor almost without exception, the nice distinction made between Wilson and Colfax may not be readily understood, especially as Colfax rests one great arm of his reputation upon the cold water movement and the other upon the Sunday school establishment; his lectures upon the two enterprises are considered unequalled; what is more, he has been a Sunday school librarian, an office you once honored me with. I might not have filled the situation, but for the peculiar attraction of the presence in that Sunday school of many of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies I had ever met in this State. The generation of men now passing away will never allow themselves to question the accuracy of my judgment of those ladies.

To a child, study and recitation is hard work. So long as you consider Sunday as the Sabbath, it is for you to determine whether your children shall be exercised on that day over cunningly devised question books.

Since my recent arrival here, a prominent officer in this Town has kindly handed me a speech of your beloved Senator, which he delivered himself of at Great Falls, New Hampshire, Feb. 24, 1872. I find it was printed at the Congressional Globe Office, Washington, and no

E671
.C79

doubt at the public expense. The fact that copies are sent to this Town, designates it as a Campaign document, intended to influence your voters in the coming election for President. For me to take up and examine each of his points would make this document too long; the expense of printing this cannot be thrown upon you. I will not attempt to follow him, or consider his arguments in the order he has arranged them; neither will I use any language more indecent and unbecoming an American writer than that indulged in by the Honorable Senator's firmest supporter through all these years, the Honorable Horace Greeley, whose emphatic writing of the words, "You lie! you villain, you lie!" was but the shadow of that substantial, outspoken complaint that is said to have once troubled a whole army in Flanders. Wilson says:

"Here to-night I assert it, and there is not a man on God's earth can contradict it, for the record is against him, that from the year 1832, when William Lloyd Garrison and eleven other faithful and fearless men signed their names to the declaration that black men had a right to liberty, and that they would do what they could, sanctioned by law, humanity and religion, to emancipate the bondsmen and to lift up the poor, and lowly in the land, from that day to this hour, every moment of the time and on every distinct issue, the Democratic party has been on the side of privilege, the side of caste, the side of brutal, ignorant, degraded barbarism. Measured by the standards of the Philosophers and Statesmen of the ages, measured by the Law of the Living God, there has not been a moment when it (the Democratic party) was not clearly, plainly, distinctly, unqualifiedly wrong. It has been wrong and is wrong now, and I fear it will continue to be wrong."

To make these expressions emphatic and strong, required time with Henry Wilson, the calumny here was calmly deliberated upon; he knew he was writing a libel of the first water; if his crime was murder, any jury would pronounce it in the first degree.

Measured by the standards of the Philosophers and Statesmen of the ages, measured by the Law of the Living God, Americans have been right, every day and all the time, in resisting the efforts of William Lloyd Garrison, a notorious British Agent in America, and the whole nest of miserable traitors to God and man, who have clung like barnacles to him for forty years. Mr. Garrison has served his employers well, and they have substantially rewarded him. I hear he counts his riches in millions, yet his mission with us is not wholly a success, the Great Republic is not broken into fragments as England expected it would be. The greatly enhanced value of British rice and cotton fields in India, where the laborer receives five cents a day and boards himself, is one rich mine England has secured, and its substantial profits will help in set-

tling the account of damages when America gives Britain a receipt in full for meddling in her affairs.

For years you have looked towards the South for Rebels, Traitors, Copperheads, Public Enemies; will you now believe what Americans have always assured you, that Boston is the hotbed of treason? Your beloved Senator now informs you of the fact, and that Garrison was and is the leader of Traitors.

As both of your honorable Senators have recently taken to quoting or referring to Scripture to support their positions, you will allow me the same liberty, and will then see the reason why I have so often taken care to inform you that I voted the Democratic ticket only as a protest against Radical outlawry. Before the war I never voted but twice in my life, although entitled to vote for nearly a quarter of a century.

When the fathers settled America they found a race of red men, chiefly dwelling in tents, occupying its whole extent. The fathers brought their slaves (black men) with them or bought them from Europeans, until Boston went into the Negro trade; several families in Sturbridge had their slaves. The question I would ask is this, has the first Prophecy since the flood been fulfilled by the white settlers in America? "*God shall enlarge Japheth: he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.*" Here we are met by the contemptible old Radical question, "Why go back to the flood?" or that other contemptible Radical sneer, "Noah was drunk when he said that!"

Why does Henry Wilson speak of the Philosophers and Statesmen of the ages and the Law of the Living God? The Law of God, His great Commandments, should be very familiar household words with you, because with all enlightened men they are considered the laws of honor, the foundation stone of human progress and security. One of them reads "Thou shalt not steal." Does it say that Garrison or his miserable barnacles may steal negroes? If you look into the New Testament you find man-stealers are placed among the most abandoned of all men.

Another of the thunders of Sinai reads, in part, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the *seventh* is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, on that day thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

Observe the peculiar construction of this law, and you notice the wife, as indicated in the tenth law, is omitted mention, for in a household the man and wife are one flesh. The slave is placed next i

sideration to the children of a man, and the hired stranger is placed after his cattle. *Thy* stranger certainly is not a visitor, who never is expected to perform labor.

My reading of sacred or profane history from the earliest ages does not accord with your beloved Senator's assertion, that keeping the Commandments of God is a brutal, ignorant, degraded barbarism, nor can I consider it my duty, but a dastardly meanness, to be a busybody in other men's affairs, pry into American families to know who performs their labor, and upon what terms.

That portion of the Constitution of the United States which was signed by George Washington contains not one single section that in any way conflicts with the great Commandments, and it may be safely assumed that American Laws once radiated from the Eternal Laws of God.

Wilson went to school only one month in a year for eleven years. He may never have studied those grand God-given laws of honor, but he is careful to inform you that a dollar looks as large to him as a full moon, and that he never spent one until after he was of age. Gingerbread, peanuts, confectionery, firecrackers, the cripple, the sufferer, poverty and want, had no plea that could wring a dollar from the pocket of Henry Wilson for twenty-one years! Suppose this Radical ruin goes on, and laboring men have to bear all the expenses of supporting Garrison's barnacles, pay all of their bonds at maturity, will you be able to give your own sons and daughters each a yoke of oxen and six sheep when they are twenty-one years of age? He assures you he toiled from the time he was ten, until he was twenty-one, and that was all he got for eleven years of hard labor! Who boarded and clothed the lad and gave him shelter, he does not say, but he must have been prosperous and benevolent above the average of New England farmers, to be able and willing to do so well by Henry Wilson. Hear him:

"On the farm on which I served an apprenticeship I have seen the best men who ever put scythe in grass working for from fifty cents to four shillings a day in the longest days in summer. Yesterday I visited that farm. I asked the men who were there what they paid men in haying time last summer, and they said from two dollars to two and a half a day."

Forty years ago one dollar was about the price a day for a mower in Sturbridge; but let us see what the mower could purchase for fifty cents. He could buy twenty-five cigars, better cigars than he could buy to-day for two dollars and a half; he could buy five pounds of of purer tobacco than he could get now for five dollars; he could buy two gallons of rum or whiskey, better than he can get to-day for three dollars.

Are you grieving over the use of tobacco and rum? His Excellency, President Grant, is setting your sons the example of extreme loyalty, by the use of many articles that are highly taxed to support Garrison's barnacles. Forty years ago pork and beef sold for about five cents a pound, what is paid to-day you know best. Board in the country was from one dollar to a dollar and a half, including washing.

You are all aware that the discovery of gold in California was followed by wonderful changes in prices for a time, and gave a fresh value and impetus to industry implanted by God Himself. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," a command you prefer to obey, rather than become a villianous thief, to steal a living from the careful earnings of your industrious neighbors.

There appears to be no end to the sympathy your beloved Senator exercises himself with for the laboring man. Hear him:

"My heart goes out to the working men of England and Ireland, of Germany and France, aye, and of Asia and Africa, too. A man is a man, no matter where he was born, or what blood courses through his veins. I believe that God made him and Christ died for him, and that he is destined to an immortal inheritance. I believe, too, in that comprehensive policy that watches over the poor and lowly and takes care of the interest of all the world; but, after all, I am for the Republic of the United States, one and undivisible, and the people of the United States, before any other country or any other people."

This remarkable confession of faith from a man who is a know-nothing of fixed eternal principles, and has been mixed up with every shade of political charlatanry (except Democratic) that has sprung up since he was a boy, falls with the vehemence of a pile driver upon the heads of those whom he led by the nose in his dark lantern days, when the right of suffrage was denied where it had been exercised for years. But while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return, and he gives you another chance alongside of him, if you will only—

"Trust yourselves, correct your own errors, move right onward abreast of the advancing currents of a progressive Republicanism. Look to your history, do not blur nor blot that immortal record. * * In the years to come, when the passions and prejudices of these days of conflict shall have sunk to rest with us, in the bright hereafter, the record of the last twelve years will be a brilliant chapter in the history of human progress."

Does this remind you of that "good time coming in about sixty or at at most ninety days," so freely promised by Wm. H. Seward (another Garrison barnacle) when urging you to send more of your sons and substance to battle with your own brothers? What better assurance does Wilson give you of a bright hereafter?

"We have a great debt to pay. We shall have taxation enough for

many years. That burden, the legacy of the slave Democracy, will rest upon the labor of the nation for years to come."

Now if you go back and search the record you will find that the South, who had bought so many slaves from New England dealers, found that labor bore too heavy burdens and they kicked against a system that is an infamous relic of barbarism, the cruel, despotic system of throwing the whole expense of Government upon its industry. The late inhuman war was entered into by Northern wealth for no other purpose but to stifle the Southern cry of FREE TRADE with all this world. Garrison and his barnacles might have continued to make Boston hideous with their writing and howling had the South consented to longer indorse an exploded system that was continually robbing labor of its reward. They would yield to neither coaxing or threats, or promises of manufacturers, but still persisted that labor had the same undeniable right to buy goods in the cheapest market as the manufacturer had to hire labor in the cheapest market. The idea of free trade is not European; it is American. "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" was once their battle cry; all honor to the men who are working to drive every loafer from the receipt of customs in America. Southern capitalists, were anxious to be directly taxed for the support of Government. We have the Atlantic and Pacific coast, a Northern and Southern boundary of such vast extent, it would take nearly our whole able-bodied population to prevent smuggling.

Honorable merchants have every reason to complain, as they are doing, that the quantities of smuggled goods pouring into the country embarrasses them seriously; indeed the whole system of Radical laws is calculated to make thieves, hypocrites and scoundrels of men. It was perhaps well enough to foster cotton and woolen manufacturers in their infancy, but many of the factories have pursued so base and niggardly a policy, thrown upon the market such shoddy, fading, shabby goods, they are deservedly neglected.

When the manufacturers of textile fabrics can vie with our production of iron and steel implements, produce articles superior to all the rest of the world of their kind, then they may deserve what they will not require—a tariff protection. Tools of iron and steel, made in this Town, are being shipped over all Europe, in spite of the heavy duties the manufacturer has to pay upon the raw material. Where the boots and shoes made in Massachusetts will be worn out, in what part of the wide world, no one can tell. Your beloved Senator has made his record at Washington, and that record gives the lie to all his fine sentences in love of the laboring man.

Not a man in the Senate has proved more inflexibly devoted to the

devilish greed of capitalists, who would build "a wall of fire" around America that they might grind the faces of the poor to powder. Have you yet to learn that the desire to become rich gives a dollar the *size of a full moon* to a miser, and that the habits of youth are confirmed by age? It is not meanness that induces the rich man to hug his savings until they become a mountain of care, it is the habit of regarding dollars as more precious than country, honor, eternal principles. Garrison, with England to back him with gold, could buy up plenty of such men as Wilson. Rich manufacturers in Boston, who count wealth by millions, are just as greedy for more as Wilson was when he pocketed his six full moon dollars for a month's labor. The young American just emerged from his minority is seldom a beggar to Congress, but the men whose wealth is enormous are the ones who would have Congress set a hideous incubus upon American genius, stifle energy and activity through tariffs, taxes, stamps, licenses, and every other tedious Radical device to shield property from its own proper burdens. The rich holder of a Radical load must not pay taxes, and the oily-tongued Wilson votes for his exemption! Who would believe his own disgraceful Washington record, after reading his pious, loving, expressive Great Falls speech to the sons of toil in all countries, not excepting Africa? Among all the things done by Radicals, so carefully noted by your beloved Senator, I cannot find that Garrison's barnacles claim to have changed the color, the instincts, or the outstincts of the Negroes. He leaves us to suppose the Negro remains as he was when God first created the race, with the exception of being placed fairly and squarely into the same bed with all the sons of toil that Wilson piteously sympathizes with. What can be more cruel than to use the Negro as a political blind? Wilson had to work once himself, but he does not say that he was obliged to sleep with a Negro at that time. Who are the sons of toil? Many men that neither Wilson or Wendell Phillips can either mislead or insult.

Here is another Garrison barnacle, Phillips, Boston's Great Orator, who has promised if his life is spared ten years to do wonders for the sons of toil. He has got no farther towards the movement yet than to proclaim the Pennsylvania Central and the Boston and Albany Railroads the leading devils that afflict the laboring man. You would like to see the Boston and Albany "do it more" and build a branch from Palmer or Brookfield to Southbridge. His progress is slow, and you can safely join him in the hope he will not die in the Boston and Albany; the stockholders might have to pay something for a niggardly, rich, contemptible traitor, who knows by study and personal observation the enormity of the load Congress has piled upon American energy.

Gentlemen, you know I am not a partisan, and when your beloved Senator speaks of the thieves in the Democratic party he gratifies me: there is something of the true ring of American feeling in every sentence. I only regret he did not go deeper into the business and call the roll of every thief in it. You are safe in assuming that the howling, writing partisan on either side, whether in the Senate Chamber or anywhere else, has his own axe to grind, and would have the hoodwinked voter turn his stone. At the same time, when you reflect that Garrison and his barnacles declared the Union and Constitution of the fathers was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, and the flag we were born under a flaunting lie, that they established an underground railroad for their own hireling thieves to run off the once recognized property of American citizens, bought of pious Boston dealers originally, you may have some charity for Americans, who had no other way of recording an earnest protest against England's intermeddling with our affairs but by voting the Democratic ticket.

The advent of Garrison with his curious collection of barnacles has cost some money. Ten thousand million of dollars would hardly settle every expense, North and South, to say nothing of extremely valuable human life lost in the terrible struggle. You have raised a shaft to commemorate your own slain, the brave men who fell a sacrifice in a strife as unnatural as that of Cain and Abel. You were told that the war was to preserve the Union and Constitution of the fathers, but you now find it was to put a Negro into your bed.

As a contrast between bravery and cowardice, the monument would be more complete if you could obtain the pair of boots that your beloved Senator wore the day of the first battle of Bull Run and place them over the cap stone. It is whispered that Wilson made most remarkable time that day, his retreat might possibly have been as celebrated as Xenophon's, had he shown particular concern for anybody but himself. Should he favor you with those boots, you could have those lines cut in the shaft of your monument:

Those boots brought Wilson safe away:
He lives to fight another day.

And to preserve them in the same position, can add:

"The man who does these boots displace
May meet their owner, face to face."

In order to retrieve somewhat his unenviable Bull Run reputation, Wilson's regiment of warriors was raised, but the extreme ardor of their colonel lasted him only until he reached Washington. Your beloved Senator gives no names of those faithful and *fearless* men who pledged themselves to Garrison, the British Agent, but you can safely assume that each of them was as cautious of approaching the vicinity

of death-dealing bullets in their own horrible war as Wilson was. The Philadelphia nomination gives you a man who is considered dangerous to an enemy in his advance, and another whose reputation for brilliant exploits in retreat stands out boldly, reminding you of the celebrated warning of General Scott, "Beware of Lee in advance, and Johnston in retreat."

In order that you may understand the infernal Radical system, as it grinds down the industry of a country, I will take an article of American manufacture, used in families of rich and poor, in one as much as the other. The rich man, whose income may be a thousand dollars a day, and the poor man, whose only riches consist of the little ones God has given him, and did not forget to furnish them with stomachs that rely upon the daily exertions of their parents to supply them with bread, meet here on common ground, their yearly tax is equal.

It so happens the manufacturers of matches were not importers of woolen rags, old carpets and garments worn out in Europe, bought up and shipped to America, to be worked up in Boston shoddy mills for fresh clothing, in the land of the free and home of the brave, and your beloved Senator had no sympathy for them. They sprung up lately, and had not piled up stupendous fortunes for Wilson to protect by his vote in Congress. He voted to put a stamp tax of one cent upon every box of matches made in America.

Before that exploit consumers bought matches for a cent a box; now he pays five cents for two boxes, instead of getting five boxes for his money. Why is this? The manufacturer buys stamps from Government, and if he fails to put one upon each box or bundle he must be heavily fined and imprisoned, just as though it was a horrible crime for Americans to manufacture matches for your use in America! It is as legitimate for the manufacturer to charge a profit upon that one cent stamp as it is to charge more for the matches than they cost him. therefore he adds fifty per cent for profit. The receipts from this tax, that costs nothing to collect, reach nearly three millions of dollars, and that tax costs the consumers nearly four and a half millions!

But when you investigate the operation of a tariff upon importations, the swindle of the American who eats bread produced by the sweat of his own face is more glaringly reprehensible. What can I add in explanation of this infernal system that has not already been made familiar to you? To put one dollar into the treasury, the consumers must be swindled out of five dollars on a small list of ten articles, such as lead, copper, iron, woolen and cotton fabrics. You would not think of taxing every man in this Town precisely the same amount, for your town expenses, but

you discriminate between the rich man and the poor man; so in your County taxes; so in your State taxes; but there is a peculiarity in the surroundings of Washington now that prevents the assessment of each State according to population or wealth to raise a direct and proper tax that would cost not one cent to collect, and get rid of paid armies of partisan thieves and howlers for the dear people. In a recent case, tried in a neighboring State, it appears that ten thousand dollars a a year was assessed upon one factory as a corruption fund to influence favorable legislation. If one corporation draws ten thousand dollars a year from its profits to corrupt members of Congress, what is the amount annually raised in the United States for that purpose? Do you wonder that so many of Garrison's barnacles combine, plot and contrive to be nominated and elected to Congress? You have the right to vote, but when you go to the polls you find two or more sets of printed tickets, containing the names of some men that you may never have heard of before; they are not your choice, you never nominated them. The party lashes have been so well applied that you "stand by the Republican colors" as your beloved Senator bids you, or you drop a protest as an American.

No honorable American will ever tread in such devious ways as are now required to obtain a nomination for a prominent office by either party, and you all know it. The best men in this State, as in all others, are silent spectators, "dumb dogs in Israel," while American feeling is dying out in the hands of base, bold, miserable, saleable politicians, the lowest class of American population, the scum of God's earth.

You need have no fears for the result of free trade with all this world upon your factory villages. There are not enough factories in the world. The whole system of manufacturing is changing all over Europe and Asia, where the spinning wheel and hand loom are becoming unknown. The Honorable Gen. B. F. Butler, another Garrison barnacle, who never had the public reputation of being a liar and thief until he became a Radical, stated in his Springfield speech that he was a manufacturer, and that the cost of labor, making cloth, was but 12 per cent. That is, in making one dollar's worth of cloth only twelve cents were expended in labor, improved machinery does all the rest.

American gold coin has no longer the same standard as European coin, it was debased nearly nine per cent. The importer of foreign productions must pay in gold or its equivalent on the European standard, so that in reality this debasement of our coin is in itself a protective tariff of nine per cent., reducing the competition between American and foreign goods to a cost in labor here of only three per

cent.! Can any other country manufacture cloth at three per cent. for labor? When our debased coin sells at a premium of fifteen per cent. the manufacturer is protected to the extent of twenty-four per cent., enough in all conscience. If manufacturing anything in America cannot be made profitable with gold at par, let that enterprise be abandoned and labor be employed at something that is profitable. That is the way with wide awake Americans. Labor is too valuable in America to be squandered under an infamous management which requires Congressional taxation of every man, woman and child to support.

America is rich in land and mines, but her poverty is want of labor, the cry is for labor, labor everywhere, and must be for centuries to come, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. Your Honorable Senator Sumner has repeatedly called the attention of Congress to the duty of returning to specie payments, and justly designates the present currency as bits of pictured paper. A poor Californian would blush for shame to hand his laborer such a miserable subterfuge for money. It is contemptible meanness in men whose wealth has already become a torment to them, the rich beggars for Congressional votes, to pay their laborers with such filthy, irredeemable stuff. But your beloved Senator, whose heart goes out so far and spreads so thin, has no feeling for the men who he assures must themselves redeem the trash by the sweat of their face. "It is a debt that must rest upon labor for many years," he says. The precious metals are indestructible evidences of other men's labor, they are rewards of labor and a recognized exchange of labor, all over the world.

Here you will allow me to speak of my own observations in different sections of our common country. Like yourselves, all our brother Americans, everywhere, do not find the pursuit of happiness always a success, but they have their private anxieties, griefs and severe trials. You cannot place your finger upon any portion of your map of America that is settled and say it covers happier people than your own neighbors.

You know my aversion to the late war, which I designated as murder of your own brothers that had never injured you in any way. Had you known them and they known you better, all this plotting of Great Britain could not have severed your mutual attachment. You all have the same unwavering energy, but the difference of climate and productions leads American enterprise into different channels all over the vast extent of our beloved country.

In a memorable tilt in Congress, over this infernal class legislation, picking out special interests to foster at the expense of laboring men all over America, Webster and Hayne broke lances in the Senate long

before Sumner and Wilson were publicly known. Webster, Clay and Calhoun will be remembered as Americans, they differed in opinion, and we love to honor the American Senator who can give a good reason for his own convictions, no matter if they clash with ours; we like the independent mind that will not be bound by a party caucus of plotting knaves. Webster, in reply to Hayne, mentioned by name several historic South Carolinans, whose whole hearts he regarded as American, and denied that their virtues could be confined by State lines, they where the inheritance of Americans everywhere, and he claimed his full share of the glory their record had given to his country.

Now mark the difference between two New Hampshire men, and ask yourselves if the race degenerates, just contrary to Darwin's theory.

"In making them (the blacks) free it (the Radical party) struck down that proud, haughty and domineering aristocracy of the South, that held the doctrine—and proclaimed it, too—that 'capital should own labor," that the men who toiled for wages were 'the mudsills of society;' that the slavery of workingmen produced 'a class of gentlemen, who were the substitutes for an order of nobility.' These were the doctrines proclaimed in our ears for over forty years by the Calhouns, the McDuffies, the Hammonds, the Rhetts, the Ruffins, the Fitzhughes, the Herschells and Johnsons, and men of that class, who laid down the doctrine boldly everywhere, that 'slavery was the normal condition of laboring men, black and white.'"

When Webster confessed his impotency to raise a mortal to the skies, it gratified him to believe he had no disposition to drag an angel down. Wilson covers up his tracks by mentioning family names; there are many Calhouns, McDuffies, &c. What has been said by any member of all those families no one can tell. But again I assert it that the South has for many years been battling upon the side of labor against the rapacity of Northern manufacturing wealth.

That "proud, haughty and domineering aristocracy" were a body of plain, practical American farmers, and the fathers selected several of such for Presidents, they had the capacity to make African labor valuable to our country after Northern men had apparently given over the task. Why are not your factories run with Negro workmen? I have never heard of any advance in the price of his subjects by the King of Dahomey; they remain in their "normal condition;" the same old number of gallons of rum or pounds of tobacco will buy them in ship loads to-day. If you think them qualified for Senators, Representatives and law-makers for white Americans, you must either suppose it takes less capacity to run Congress or a Legislature than it does to work in a cotton or shoddy mill, or give our Southern brothers credit for a superior system of training that makes the African equal to any emergency.

That "mudsill" expression has served your beloved Senator for so many years, in his speech everywhere, it may be cruel to burst his favorite bubble, but you will have to put it into your own pipe. It is imputed to Gov. Hammond, son of a prosperous laboring man who, I am informed, left this vicinity for South Carolina. Some of the name are still with us, and you respect them, not only as excellent neighbors, but for their manly habit of thinking for themselves.

Now had this full-blooded New England man, who was honored in South Carolina, said "the men who toil for wages are the foundation stones of all good society," would it have been picked up by this miserable scavenger after badly digested or intemperate droppings from Americans who have been dead for years? Many buildings in Boston rest on sills driven into mud. Suppose every foolish expression we make is preserved to breed trouble between neighbors, what would be the state of society in this Town? How does the constant carrying of filth become a Senator of the United States? Does he deserve to wear the scirticoat of a despised, tattling, tea-table gossip? Have strong-minded women sunk so low as to accept his proffered championship?

> "Have you ever seen the wharves between
> That queer old thing, the mud machine?
> Whether the tide be ebb, or the tide be flood,
> It brings up nothing but mud, mud, mud."

When Garrison came from Baltimore, after his striped experience of Americans in defense of their slaves, and squatted in Boston, his mission was known to a few. He was saved from infuriated men through the exertion of cool-headed prominent Bostonians, who relied upon the good sense of the people to counteract his efforts to break the Great Republic into fragments.

I know no editor in the United States who has done so much to inform Americans of the objects of Great Britain in sending its emissaries here as the late James Gordon Bennett. A few years since he published something of the debate in the House of Lords at the time it was voted to pay the planters in the British West Indias for their slaves, and their congratulations that they had passed an act that would prevent a war with the Great Republic. They would make trouble enough here, by claiming to be a more liberty-loving people than Democratic slave-holding Americans. Mr. Bennett also published the reports of special committees to the House of Lords and Commons on the condition of Jamaica, about twenty years after emancipation, or a review of those reports, to give his readers warning of what must follow in America. It seems incredible that such men as Wm. H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, S. P. Chase, Henry Ward

Beecher, Horace Greeley, Wm. C. Bryant, Gerritt Smith, and other prominent men who have hung as tenaciously to Garrison, can remain in ignorance of that horrible plot of Britain to make civil war in America. American barnacles could pervert their advantage of an excellent education, join Garrison in educating a generation for his work, preach, pray, lecture, make stump speeches, talk all day and write all night, but never, never can they wipe out of history the infamy of their dastardly betrayal of their own brothers, to help Britain make a hell on earth of America, the soil that gave them birth. What place in the Temple of Fame will be assigned them by the patient Historian, who looks for the effects upon a Nation of disregarding the Commandments of God, and paying no heed to the testimony of Jesus Christ?

As one of Garrison's preachers, preeminence must be given to the late Theodore Parker over all others, not excepting the irrepressible Beechers. Here I will help the barnacles to keep Beecher before the people. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon, not a very wonderful thing for him, but it was to help other Garrison barnacles sympathize with laboring men. He rather favored strikes, and in conclusion mentioned there was danger of the laborer becoming proud. "They forget Jesus Christ was the son of a Carpenter." Now any one would suppose that a Beecher who had preached so long in his Brooklyn Synagogue, had his prayers to incomprehensibility published, as well as his sermons, could remember that we learn in the Gospel that Jesus Christ *is* SON OF GOD. Beecher reminds me of an obstinate old mule that always found his master in a Negro teamster. The old mule stopped the whole team just as they were about crossing a bridge. "Dere, now looks at him; wo'nt go. won't yon? Feel proud do you? You forgets your father was a jackass. I bets a quarter I drives dis yere team ober dat bridge." Waiting a moment and seeing a mule throw up his head the Negro exclaimed: "Ah, you takes dat bet, does you? now take dat," and he urged them across with his whip. A gentleman who witnessed and heard the whole rode up and asked the Negro how he could get paid the bet. "Ye see massa done gib dis chile two dollars to feed dis team, I takes de quarter out."

Theodore Parker's life has been published. If his biographer has been careless of his reputation the fault is not mine in reminding you of the writings of the silent dead in other terms than that of praise.

Parker was preaching one night; he stopped suddenly and cried, "What are we doing here?" and rushed out, the congregation following him. That night an United States officer, a Mr. Batchelder, was killed in Boston, and to this day I have not heard of an arrest being made. If any, how many living men are guilty of murder as accesso-

ries at, or after the fact, no one knows. Parker was the most expert and active barnacle Garrison ever had, and the idea of a "higher law" to help on the work of hate, abuse every American who lives outside of Garrison's Boston civilization, was probably his. Parker determined to be judge of what is good and evil himself, measure the world by his standard, and became the most consummate hypocrite and subtle scheming plotter of modern times. How it was possible for any man of his extensive reading, studying the observation of so many eminent writers, knowing the infamy all thoughtful men attached to a crafty knave, wearing the cloak and mask of love and charity to scatter the seeds of hatred and revenge in a country like America, is a curious study for reading men.

He says with Protestant Ministers the Bible is a fetish; it is so with Catholic Priests likewise, only to them the Roman Catholic Church is the master fetish, the big thunder, while the Bible is but an inferior, subservient idol.

In his egotistic way, Parker attempts to prove the Bible fetish as *it hindered him in every step of his ministry!* That is just what "that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, that decieveth the whole world," would say, should he attempt to preach sectional hatred before intelligent Americans, who love their brothers wherever they have settled, in all its broad extent. Many wolves in sheep's clothing done this to all denominations, and now wonder why so little interest is taken in preaching! Who but Christ and His Disciples can preach the the Gospel to an American who can read?

Parker says he was advised not to preach against the popular belief in the Bible, because a few would understand and thank him, but the GREAT VULGAR who hear imperfectly and at the best understand but little, would say "He finds fault in the Bible. * * Why, the man is an infidel."

This singularly active Garrison barnacle makes an honest declaration: "I know that I had thoroughly broken with the Ecclesiastical authority of Christendom—its God was not my God, nor its Scriptures my Word of God, nor its Christ my Savior. * * I knew I should be accounted the worst of men, ranked among triflers, mockers, infidels and athiests." And there we will leave him, in the earnest hope that his "honest confession is good for the soul."

Gentlemen, I am not prepared to endorse Parker's assertion that all Priests or Ministers, in all denominations, despise the Bible as fetish, yet, when you carefully study the sermon on the mount, and remember their public prayers in the Synagogues you build for them, and their willingness to pray in any place where expected, there are grounds for

supposing his statement more plausible than romantic. I have met with some Sunday speakers who appeared to be perfectly sincere in believing the Bible is the Word of God. To-day many men of rare accomplishments, eminent in their chosen walk in life, distinguished among men, esteem the Bible as valuable only because it is the sole remains of Jewish Literature, while others regard the books as a prolific source of human misery, perhaps condemning the Bible for the hypocrisy they find in unexpected quarters. I have met men in America who sincerely think there is no other existence but this present life, and they appear to be confirmed by any rascality discovered in those who profess to believe in the immortality of the soul; indeed America can boast of having a wonderful variety of curious speculations upon spiritual affairs, all of which is carefully covered by one word—Religion.

Contrary to popular belief the Bible is a political book, everywhere teaching man that GOD is, and should be, regarded as King of His own creation. We learn, too, by solid proof, that JESUS CHRIST is High Priest forever, and an honest, truthful man is His noblest work, so far as humanity has discovered. The Bible does not wrestle *against* flesh and blood, but against Principalities, Powers, Rulers in darkness, and all Spiritual wickedness in high places. Men who read can easily discover why the fathers of our history would bow the knee to no earthly king, or recognize by American law any form of worship that could possibly conflict with the sermon on the mount. Peter, in his keys of the kingdom, says the spirit of Christ *inspired all the Prophets*. Indeed Christ is the only name given under heaven whereby man can be saved. Those, therefore, who do believe in the immortality of the spirit animating the bodies of men, which are built up of the dust of this earth as in the beginning, and return to earth again as we see every day, know of no other faith in God our King to cling to. The invisible power creating a Union of Worlds, whether "Jehovah, "Jove," or "Lord," or any other name known among men, has been a kind Father to Americans. While we heeded his Commandments our prosperity was unprecedented.

Garrison's barnacles have preached and prayed to you almost every species of rascality known under the sun. An Editor is a preacher, a Lecturer is a preacher. You know barnacles for man-stealers; you have encouraged your children to sing "Glory hallelujah" in praise of their sainted John Brown, a man guilty of many autrocious murders, a man furnished with a Constitution as President of America! a most consummate traitor and felon. Some of you have let that infamous sheet, the New York Tribune, into your houses to preach free love or miscegenation, adding adultery and fornication to barnacle teaching, to

your daughters! Not a man of you ever despised party spirit more heartily than I do, and yet, look back and count up what this party spirit, this sectional hatred, this heedlessness of the great Commandments, has cost us all! What a reproach upon the whole system of education—the name of Christian.

Christ condensed the law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, soul and strength," but we might not know precisely how to do this had not John written, "And this is love, that we keep his Commandments." Your beloved Senator's interpretation of the other law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is unique. He does not discover how a Democrat dare ask the blessing of God. He evidently desires you shall help him hate a Democrat, if he is your neighbor. How like another H. W., Holy Willie:

> "Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
> He drinks, and swears and plays at carts,
> Yet has sae money takin' arts
> Wi' great and sma'
> From God's ain priests the people's hearts
> He steals awa.
>
> An' whan we chastened him therefor,
> Thou kens how he bred sick and splore
> As set the world in a roar
> O laughin' at us:
> Curse thou his basket and his store,
> Kail and potatoes."

It is somewhat singular that a man so familiar with the Philosophy and Statesmanship of the Ages and the Law of the Living God should assert that modern Democracy came into power under General Jackson. The Whigs of that day were as staunch Democrats as Jackson ever was; their leaders were polluted with that infernal toadyism to Northern manufacturing wealth that wanted to throw the burdens of Government upon the laboring man; more than that, raise an immense revenue to divide among the States. Some leading Democrats counselled resistance to such an inhuman, odious tariff, and Jackson, the Democrat, threatened to hang them. Democracy evidently means something that Holy Willie neglected to study.

When the Jews wanted a man for their King, Samuel was instructed to tell them what kind of a concern a human king was. Here Americans learn to be Democrats, for Democracy is equal and just laws for every man. When the Jewish concern was captured by the Assyrian, the slave Daniel told that proud monarch God sets over the kingdom of the world the basest of men; here Americans learn to be Democrats, respect the Commandments of God, and have some feeling for their brother Americans everywhere.

When that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world, tempted Jesus Christ with the offer of the kingdom of the world if he would fall down and worship him, renewing Daniel's declaration, that they were given to the devil to give to those men chosen by himself. Christ turned his back upon the offer: "Get thee behind me Satan, for it is written thou shalt love the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." Here in the record of a wonderful life, gain the fathers of American history learned to be Democrats, despise class legislation, quit any policy that tended to make the rich richer at the criminal act of making the poor poorer. For your beloved Senator to convict and convert Americans who know all these things in twelve years, and have them bow the knee a miserable barnacle to Garrison, a British Agent in America, is indeed a Herculean task. Wilson thinks it will take that time to gain the Radical bright hereafter. Years ago Seward prophesied it would take sixty or ninety days to reach the glorious future, the good time coming. This Radical Jordan appears a hard road to travel, the end of the journey to grow in distance, to lend enchantment to the view.

I think it highly probable the Democrats of this Town can stand this Radical ruin and nonsense about as long as the friends of your two Senators can. Barnacle higher law, moral ideas, superior piety, those who like can fatten upon. The Commandments of God and testimony of Jesus bids Americans shun it as we would the song of the Syren.

Men cling to party; neither Republican or Democratic signifies anything, with the mass of mankind, the distinction is only in choosing a party name; in reality every Republican of principle is a firm Democrat, as every American is a sincere Republican.

One more extract from this electioneering document:

"I am for taking care of our own interests, and not allowing the importing houses of Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Germans, to control the financial or business affairs of the people of the United States, nor to direct the policy of the United States. I think we are old enough and large enough to take care of ourselves."

The American knows foreigners who have come among us to stay only as friends and brothers. Some German, French, Spanish, English, Irish or Scotch mercantile houses have been managed with marked ability and sterling integrity. No one should consider it derogatory for an American merchant to compare notes with all leading merchants, regarding financial affairs, when everything is running to waste in the hands of America's enemies. Suppose you should find gold quoted at 100, and upon looking at quotation of dried codfish in St. Domingo, find by calculation that you could make ten per cent. upon a cargo sent there. You charter a ship, buy your fish and risk the venture, have

everything done up in a day, ordering the return payment in specie. To-morrow you hear the amiable wife of the President has been engaged in a gold speculation with James Fisk, Jr., and when the bubble bursts the premium on gold runs down rapidly, leaving a forty per cent. loss staring you in the face. Does your loyalty consist in saying nothing to others about a ruinous condition of affairs that disgrace every man in America except Garrison and his barnacles?

If Wilson really thinks we are old enough and large enough to take care of ourselves why is he so absurdly anxious to have Great Britain, through Garrison and his barnacles, take care of us? It is fortunate your beloved Senator went to England where he met men who could tell the truth, probably one of the "lost arts" with Garrison's barnacles. Had he ventured there during the war, without any letters of introduction from Garrison, he would have found Englishmen better posted upon American unpleasantness than New England people generally are, with all their Preachers, Teachers, Editors, Politicians, Lecturers, and every rotton staff they lean upon for information.

"You beat us in two wars, because we had other enemies to attend to, but now we have got you eating each other up like Kilkenny cats," was the brilliant tribute Englishmen paid to the genius of Garrison and his barnacles during the war, and Americans traveling in England were forced to listen to that boastful, stinging reproach; they are not the kind of men to forget it either, in sixty or ninety days, or twelve years.

Before his election, His Excellency President Grant fully and repeatedly endorsed the proposed amendment to the Constitution, that no President should be eligible for a second term. It may be considered neither becoming or proper for an American to write unkindly of the Chief Magistrate, yet a candidate for office does not escape censure.

A man graduating at West Point learns many things not commonly taught in other seminaries of learning, things that should never be forgotten, especially in an emergency where his decision may bring contempt upon an army, the subordinate officers of that army, and the institution that educated them.

BAY VIEW, NEAR LANESVILLE, MASS., Aug. 25, 1867.

My Dear Sir:—I have read your letter to Mr. Smith on the proposed nomination of Grant with much interest. Its criticisms on Grant's career are just; but what will you do? You cannot get it or anything else concerning Grant that is not lauditory published; and why? Because both sides are courting him for the Presidency—and so the truth must not be told. We are, I fear, to try the experiment again that we did with Johnson, *i. e.*, nominate a man for supposed availibility, without knowing his principles or fitness. Grant's election would be a misfortune, because it would put in a man without a head

or heart: indifferent to human suffering and impotent to govern.

I am, yours truly,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

W. JONES, Neenah, Wis.

This letter informs you of several important matters. The election took place November, 1868. You notice politicians of both parties were feeling round for a candidate fifteen months before. Politicians are the men looking round for available candidates; they nominate and you vote; they blow the bellows and you strike all the heavy blows. As for the barnacle complaint that Grant is impotent to govern, brought against him by Senator Sumner, as an expression of the late Secretary Stanton, and here again by Gen. Butler, it is all nonsense. God forbid that Americans can ever be sunk so low as to want a President to govern them. His exhalted office is a very different affair; Constitutional laws should govern in America, and upon laws passed by Congress the President can only exercise a negative power. Every State has a Governor, if it is fortunate enough to have an upright man in office.

You will remember Gen. Butler was once appointed a Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners with the attempted Confederacy. That exchange was suddenly stopped. We were hearing of the horrors of Libby Prison and Andersonville: the suffering of gallant soldiers in horrible places; but who among you knew that Grant signed the order to exchange no more prisoners? It seems almost incredible, but Grant must bear the weight of all the monstrous, inhuman, useless loss of most valuable American life, until he explains his own orders. How true it is that man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. That the South were in earnest in all they said of their inability to care properly for Northern soldiers, the wounded, and the brave men taken and confined by them, proved to be short of the truth when the war was over.

Some generals risked their own reputation by sending surgical instruments, disinfectants, and perhaps the contents of their whole medical chests, after brave soldiers, in the hands of an enemy, to whom the outside world was a sealed book. The war had reached gigantic proportions. The second highest officer in the attempted Confederacy was sent on a mission of mercy, to plead for Grant's own soldiers in their hands, but all in vain! Can you wonder that Gen. Butler brands Grant as a man without a head, or heart, indifferent to human suffering?

When the war was over, and the condition of the South was made known to the merchants of New York, they called a meeting to devise measures for the prompt relief of starving men and women. However

misguided, they were brother Americans, AND WERE CONQUERED ONLY BY GOD HIMSELF! Had He given the South abundant harvests, no man can tell how long that terrible struggle between Americans would have lasted.

At that meeting of New York merchants two of Garrison's barnacles, Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher, made themselves conspicuous, to remind the meeting of Libby Prison and Andersonville. It is highly probable that no two men in America knew better than they did, why those prisoners were not relieved through exchange.

All over this world, America is known as the land of Bibles, Immanuel's land. Missionaries with Bibles are sent out from it to convert heathen! What greater enormity can they teach heathen than a refusal to exchange prisoners? The heaviest charge brought against that prophesied man, Lucifer, who sides with the North, is his not opening the house of his prisoners, for which inhumanity, destruction must reach even to his son and nephew.

The devil controls the kingdoms of this world; he is the Assyrian of Scripture, "and the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel"; but at that time a Confederacy would be attempted, "say ye not a Confederacy to all them to whom this people say A Confederacy, neither fear ye their fear, or be afraid." At that time, the New Testament Prophesy would be referred to or opened, "bind up the testimony, seal the Law among my Disciples." At that time, there must be spiritualists, "and when they shall say unto you seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter, should not a PEOPLE seek unto their God? For the living to the dead? To the Law and to the Testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." At that time there must be second adventists, "and I will wait upon the Lord that hideth himself from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him." But who can fathom the want, the famine, and prophesied trouble, even despair of those who attempt to establish the Confederacy in Immanuel's land!

Christ had opened the eyes of His disciples that they might understand the Scriptures. John, in speaking of these days, writes, "Beloved, try the spirits; every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God!"

What care for Americans, to preserve their faith in God, through the terrible anguish of a horrid war! A war in which the conquerors should reap, no honors. "This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes and they are hid in prison houses, they are a prey and none delivereth, for a spoil and none sayeth, restore. Who among you will give ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for

the time to come? Who gave Jacob for a spoil and Israel to the robbers? Did not the Lord? He against whom we have sinned? for they would not walk in His ways neither were they obedient to His law, therefore He hath poured upon him the fury of His anger and the strength of battle, and it hath set him on fire round about, yet he knew not, and it burned him, yet he laid it not to heart. * * * * This people I have formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise. * * * * Thy first father hath sinned and thy teachers have transgressed against Me, therefore I have profaned the Princes of the Sanctuary and have given Jacob to the curse and Israel to reproaches."

In this prophecy, He speaks of His Ancient People, just as you do in referring to the Jews.

If you regard your Bible as some curious old concern of some other generation, yours had better be burned up; some old volume of Greeley's Tribune will find some articles in its columns were written with fascinating pens. The fathers of our history regarded each man in America as an independent creation individually responsible to "Our Father," not to such men as Garrison, Grant or Greeley, and were careful not to pass a law that would compel an American to break His Commandments. Falling into the arms of Garrison and his barnacles, how is it with our Jerusalem, the Capital of our country? Can buzzards honor eagle's nests?

"How is the faithful city become a harlot! It was full of judgment; righteousness lodged in it; but now, murderers. Thy silver has become dross, thy wine mixed with water. Thy Princes are rebellious and companions of theives, every one loveth gifts and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them."

This is the boasted land of Bibles, synagogues, Sunday schools, school houses, colleges! The whole world is called upon to witness its degradation.

"Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O Earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against Me. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib. Israel doth not know. My people do not consider.

"Ah, sinful Nation, a people laden with iniquity; a seed of evil doers, children that are corruption; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger, they are gone away backward. * * * * Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire, your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate as overthrown by strangers!"

The manufacturing interest in the North has grown to considerable

proportions, but there are other unprotected enterprises that absorb more capital. The rich man who receives his dividends from machinery producing articles inside a tariff, loves to hear of a smuggler being punished. The smuggler tried to evade paying the very duty the manufacturer never thinks of paying. In these days he can buy up a Congress, and make money, setting a trap for the adventurous importer. The idea of free trade with all this world frightens these cormorants just as the power loom frightened the weaver, the railroad frightened the teamster and stage driver, the sewing machine the tailors and seamstresses. Yet labor advances steadily in value, as new mines and richer treasures are discovered.

The mowing machine, tedder, and horse rake has not depressed the price of labor in hay-fields, or the reaper reduced the pay of the harvesters.

Look upon the map, and you notice the old City of Jerusalem, occupied a favorable position for exchanging the productions of Asia with those of Europe. Baelbec and Palmyra in ruins attest the prosperity of Judea when it could command the trade between those divisions of the world. With free trade with all this world what can America do now? How long will America be blind to what God has done for Immanuel's land?

Who are the sons of toil? Who are the men that Garrison's barnacles are trying to sympathize with? Who are the men to whom God says, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." Who can look upon America and not know? God asks, "Cans't thou send lightnings?" The American laborer can look up like a man, and answer, "Yes, Father," over the land and under the sea, they answer, "Here we are." "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" "Yes, Father, and found the snows of unknown ages cover tropical plants and beasts.

"Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" Isaiah writing two thousand five hundred years ago, says, "every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire," this burning powder rained lead and iron like hail in Immanuel's land. The stone, the arrow, the dart, and spear, and battle axe belong to the past.

Gentlemen, Americans are apt to boast of their inventions, but will you consider God's promise to man that *knowledge shall be increased?* How has this promise been fulfilled since the discovery of a new world and the establishment of Immanuel's land? The inventor seeks positive knowledge, and *God is truth!* I tell you the Bible is a political book, the advice of a Father to His sons and His daughters, in their

private life, but for the patriot and statesman there is nothing known to humanity that compares with it in expansive grandeur and trust in God our King to educate His people through the great Commandments, and the testimony in the books that man is surrounded by invisible witnesses and power. The whole energy and life of this nation rests upon the command, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," and in the short space of a century what have not Americans accomplished, aided in their stupendous work by so much labor-saving machinery. Capital has never accummulated faster in America than to answer the continued demand from enterprising labor for its use.

Why are Garrison's barnacles pointing to the Astors, Vanderbilts and Stewarts of New York? Why not mention the crowds of Boston men of wealth, as the real enemies of labor, friends of those oppressive, inhuman, infinitely worse than slavish laws your two Senators vote for? I know of no three men in the United States that labor more zealously than Astor, Vanderbilt and Stewart. They are the true sons of toil for your beloved Senator to sympathize with; they are always eager for more, and Wilson, when honest, worked to get dollars himself. The Philadelphia nomination is exactly contrary to American experience. A man without head or heart, insensible to human suffering is not wanted now. No one hereafter should be requested to serve two terms as President. The Cincinnati nomination is a fossilized Garrison barnacle, who has done more dirty work for Garrison, to disgrace his own mother country and her true sons, than any editor of any prominent paper. No man can be entirely vile; he may have amiable traits, and yet as an editor prefer to appear insensible to the value of truth to his brother Americans. Because lies and abuse will sell in the newspaper market can any honorable editor desire to find constant abuse of earnest Americans, through a long editorial career, the road to the chair of Washington? If Greeley has been honest, you cannot object to his remaining honest, and cling to Garrison still, to print the flag of the fathers a flaunting lie, a viper, to publicly sting the bosom of the mother country that warmed him.

His endorsement by the Baltimore Convention amounts to nothing. It is well understood that the Liberal Republicans were heartily ashamed of their own work, before the Baltimore Convention met. Politicians of all prominent parties have made their nominations and can find only Grant and Greeley, among forty million Americans, worthy to be President. Isaiah asks, "Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more, the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying

sores, they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither molified with ointment." There is a still, small voice, always appealing to the true American, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Gentlemen, you know me for an invalid and afflicted man. I have felt the warmth of your sympathy in my distress. You have given me every good reason to think that you and your neighboring towns are misrepresented as bigots, egotists, and most desperate haters before other States of America. I can find no active cause now why outsiders living in this town, should hate an outsider who lives south or west; a Jew hate a Jew because he lives upon the banks of the Rio Grande; a Catholic hate a Catholic who lives upon the shores of the Sacramento, or you hate to the knife every living man in America, whose ancestors did not arrive in the Mayflower and land on Plymouth Rock.

Your beloved Senator pleads with you to help him hate about twelve years longer, "when the passions and prejudices of these days of conflict shall have sunk to rest in the bright hereafter." But he does not consider that the Word of God asks him now, and every barnacle Garrison, the British agent, has collected in America, "show the things that are to come hereafter, that We may know that ye are gods, yea, do good or do evil that we may be dismayed and behold it together. Behold! ye are of nothing and your work of naught, an abomination is he that chooseth you!" You also know me for an American, who breasts the waves of popular fury, and cannot be surprised if I attempt to reach that bright hereafter now, by blocking the political machinery of all the sneaking, mean, contemptible, lying, thieving enemies of peace and good will in America, in all parties.

Was there ever a better time for all who really love America to burst their slavish party fetters, show that their hands are free to encourage and help their brother Americans everywhere, cheer them with their votes, to go on with all their six-day labors for a manly dependence on God alone? Who but low, dirty, office-seeking partisans prevent it? Have you authorized any slippery wire-puller to pledge your vote in convention, or are you a free man? The fathers waged a seven and three are ten years war with Britain. We enjoy now the lull of a tempest, and it is thrown upon Americans themselves to choose what the end shall be. Miserable politicians who live or expect to live upon the sweat of your own faces are now preparing to stump America. Some may beg of you in silvered streams of eloquence, even with tears in their eyes, to save yourselves for God's sake, and your country for your children's sake, by voting for Grant. Others may assure you with outstretched arms and upturned eyes that such men as Grant are much

known and great only by newspaper editors, and the great editor, Greeley, who used his utmost endeavors to make the astounding reputation of Grant, must be a greater man than Grant, and a far better savior, because a more liberal Republican, endorsed by a whole army of hungry political Democrats. Can you consider me wild enough to vote for either of those men for your President?

Sinner as I am I will make my own nominations, and most cordially invite the very few sinners in my native Town, and all in America, to join me in the attempt to elect the men.

Millions upon millions of voters all over America are situated precisely as you are, neither wanting or expecting national office; toiling as you are, and in remembrance of blight, mildew, armies of destructive insects that counteract every effort of man to furnish food, knowing as you do that no boasted science or art of man can feed us, unless God furnishes the material, humbly implore Him as you do, "Give us this day our daily bread." What have such men to do with partisan fury? Sincerely believing that New England people are, and have been, grossly misrepresented before America by her mere politicians, I nominate an ever active son of toil, a Statesman, the Honorable George S. Hillard of Boston, Mass., for President. I feel assured this will gratify you, because you know him. I nominate the Honorable Milton S. Latham of San Francisco, California, for Vice President.

You will not suppose I nominate those distinguished men thinking they may indulge in my own opinions advanced in this document. I nominate them believing they have their own God-given brains to think for themselves upon all public affairs, and that no man's views, influence or money can bribe either of them to a public act that is contrary to their own sense of honor and justice. If this is a correct estimate of the character of those Americans what need can there be of any other platform for them to stand upon? Whole-souled Americans are the men who are wanted now. In conclusion may I be excused if I intimate confidentially that the vote of any saint for the sinner's ticket will be piously received, religously counted, and not rejected as either smuggled or contraband. I have the honor to be,

JACOB AUGUSTUS COREY.

Sturbridge, August, 1872.

JOURNAL STEAM POWER PRESS, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.

LJ S 72

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 786 598 1